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JULIA COLVILLE.

VOL. II.

JULIA COLVILLE.

IN

THREE VOLUMES.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI

VOL. II.

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JULIA COLVILLE.

THE MAHARAJA BEERPORE'S BARASHAT ...

LETTER XXX.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

Edgware-road.

My dear friend,

I RECEIVE, with thanks, your very kind prefent; but remember, that as you were fo very peremptory in your offers, I alfo muft annex conditions to my acceptance.....This, therefore, muft be the laft :....Yet, in return, I affure you, that when in need, I will apply to you for affiftance.

But I truſt we ſhall not meet again at the milliner's.....My obligations to him, would embarraſs me; and I do not believe, that a man, who unſolicited yields aſſiſtance to the diſtreſſes of a perſon totally unknown to him, would require thanks for the benefits he confers; but would rather wiſh for no other gratification than that which his own feelings muſt yield.

My mother's ſpirits ſtill bear up againſt age and infirmity; but, I fear, that her maladies gain ground.

I have lately heard from Charles..... he aſſures me, he is happy.

That you may ever be ſo, is the warmeſt wiſh of

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London.

Charles,

YOU were undoubtedly formed by nature, for a gown and caſſock; and how your friends could ſo much prevert her deſigns, as to make a ſoldier of you, is to me incomprehenſible.

You have given me as ſevere a lecture, as any young man would wiſh to hear, from an old teſty father, in a fit of the gout.

You were formerly a good ſort of fellow ;.....but now, whether your head is turned by ſome of the diſmal tranſactions you have lately witneſſed, or whether this friend of yours is a Janſeniſt, Moravian, or methodiſt, I cannot ſay ; but, let me tell you, Charles, I know you are a ſly ſinner :.... You deny it !.....I adduce, as a proof, your amours in Spain ; and I deſire you to confute the charges, before you dare give me any more ſermons on morality.

The old peer, my uncle, has been informed of my *fracas* with the CITTADINA ; and has, alſo, given me a pretty decent trimming. He told me, with the moſt determined frown, that unleſs I marry this hump-backed chit, he will find ſome other heir for his eſtate.

This,

This, I know, to be moſt unfortunately in his power; and, as it would be the height of abſurdity to loſe a fine property, merely becauſe I will not accept of [redacted] eight thouſand pounds, I believe I ſhall ſubmit to the nooſe.

But my love ?.....Oh ! take notice. .....I marry the vulgar thing, for her money ; and ſhe accepts of me, for the title, which muſt revert to me, at the death of the earl.....Affection, regard, and attachment, are out of the queſtion.

The beautiful girl I met at Fontanges, is the miſtreſs of my heart.....I feel the irreſiſtible impulſe ; and, as I have lately peruſed the Fataliſmus of Wolf, know the neceſſity of yielding to my deſtiny.

I cloſe this, as the carriage waits, to whirl me into the city; where I muſt ſay ſome ſoſt things, to regain the favour of Miſs Jemima.

All this is a ſad bore; but I comfort myſelf with the recollection of the French ſong,

Mais la belle adele n'a que ſeize ans.
——————C'eſt ce qui me conſole.

FREDERICK BLAIR.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

Dear Emma,

MY apprehenſions for my mother were not without foundation..... I have called in a phyſician.....he affects to talk lightly of her diſorder; .....but, I much fear, he is more humane than ſincere.

I have the ſatisfaction to find, that I can, by my work, procure with eaſe a ſum ſufficient for our weekly expences.

I could not ſuppoſe, that the needle was ſo productive.....'Tis true, the work requires addreſs and attention; but my labour is handſomely requited. ....Your generous preſent is, therefore, ſet apart for times of neceſſity; and is no inconſiderable fund to revert to.

Yeſterday I called at the milliner's, for ſome muſlins I meant to take home; and had ſent for a hackney coach, when the gentleman, I before mentioned, opened the door.....On ſeeing me, he would have retired, but was prevented by Madame Fontanges. ....He ſat down.....a converſation on general topics enſued, during which I thought he ſeemed to dread my mentioning the ſervice he had done me; and, after a very ſhort ſtay, he apologized for his intruſion, and took his leave.

Surely

Surely this young man is unlike the moft of his fex ;.....fo timid.....fo diffident....fo unconfcious of his own accomplifhments.....and what elegance of manner ! what gentlenefs in his addrefs !

I have now difcovered, that he is the Honorable Mr. Blair, nephew to the Earl of Kincardine, and heir to his eftates and title.

Oh ! Emma, had I known him, when we moved in a fphere, which, though not fplendid, was highly ref-pectable, I might have gazed on him with other emotions ;.....but now, re-fpect and humble gratitude are the only fentiments he can infpire me with.

Continue, my friend, to love your

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

MRS. DENHAM

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

AH! my poor friend, you are ſmitten......poſitively, downright in love.

This paragon of generoſity.....this moſt timid of mortals.....is, in my opinion, a very dangerous man.

How little do you know of theſe male creatures, if you do not comprehend, that, Proteus like, they can take any ſhape, that ſuits their purpoſes; and aſſume the garb of virtue to work our ruin.

And

And this *marchande de mode?*..... pofitively, I do not like either of them.....Do not be deceived by appearances; but be even more particularly on your guard, when you obferve an uncommon air of difinterefted generofity.

I am forry to give you a leffon of diftruft; but, in your fituation, it is neceffary.....Conduct yourfelf, therefore, towards this man, with the coldnefs that the conviction of finifter defigns, would infpire you with..... Never let him perceive the admiration you feel for him, and you will be in no danger.

You fee, that, for a perfon not much older than yourfelf, I give you] very matronly advice; but the truth is, fick perfons cannot judge of the fymptoms

ſymptoms of their own diſorder....I have detected the ſeat of the malady; and, if it is not very deeply rooted, I do not deſpair of your recovery.

I am become entirely the country parſon's wife; and already pique myſelf on the beauty and ſize of my poultry.

My Henry is very much occupied in learning Welſh, as it is expected he will ſometimes preach in that language.

We ride out very often.....ſometimes viſit our neighbours.....and thus quietly jog on, in hopes of better days.

I am extremely ſorry to find, that Mrs. Colville is ſo unwell; but hope the doctor is right in his aſſertions.

Farewell,

Farewell, my dear Julia; and let BEWARE, for ſome time, at leaſt, be your motto.

EMMA DENHAM.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London.

YOU fee, Charles, that your feverity has not deterred me from fcribbling again to you.....The fact is, there is no other man with whom I would confide the fecret of my heart .....Therefore, take notice; and when you receive a long letter, filled with the hiftory of my follies, my amours, &c. however tedious the perufal may be, you are to confider it, as the higheft compliment I can pay you.

But

But, *a nos moutons*.....' this girl ?.... ' what am I for ever to be teized with ' this girl ?'....Yes, Charles, ſhe is the moſt unaccountable of all females .....Diſtreſſed.....obliged to work for her bread.....and too virtuous to accept of a preſent, which would bind her to no conditions, and would render her independent.....which ſhe might have availed herſelf of, without even again ſeeing the perſon who gave it, if ſhe was ſo inclined.....But no entreaties could prevail on her.....ſhe received my offers with thankfulneſs; but refuſed them with dignity.

I had determined to ſay ſome tender things, in order to commence my attack; and Fontanges had obligingly left the room;....but, would you believe it, my friend, there is ſomething in the deportment, in the air,

of

of this lovely woman, that awed me into ſilence !

Is not this love ?....I felt humbled, knew not what to ſay, uttered I knew not what, in a very aukward manner, and, if this be not love, I am at leaſt convinced, that I looked as fooliſh as any ruſtic ſwain, when he firſt addreſſes his miſtreſs under a hawthorn.

In proportion as I admire this dear girl, I deteſt the little gipſy, my uncle has ſelected for my wife ; nor would I ſubmit to do ſuch violence to my feelings, as to unite myſelf to a woman, to whom I could not be commonly civil :.....but my kind ſtars have decreed, that I ſhall neither eſpouſe Miſs Demeſey, nor forfeit the favour of the earl.

When

When dreſſing, the other day, for a grand turtle feaſt, given by the old cit, Colonel Gauntlet, of the guards, called upon me.....Nobody loves a good dinner better than my friend Jack.....I mentioned the fortune of the young lady; and hinted, that I would introduce him, and that if he played his cards well, he might, by one lucky hit, make himſelf ample amends for all the tricks, the fickle goddeſs had played him.

He was tranſported with the idea; and ſwore, he would accompany me, inſtantly, to the houſe; "and I warrant," added he, "that unleſs you "traverſe my approaches, I'll carry "the place in a fortnight."

I was delighted, at finding him ſo ready to make a diverſion in

my

my favour; and we immediately set out together.

The plan succeeded to admiration. My soul filled with the image of the lovely milliner, I was inattentive and absent, the whole evening.....Jack, on the contrary, was making fierce love to Miss Jemima; who first flirted with him, to pique me, and then, as I could clearly perceive, listened to him from inclination.

On our return to my lodgings, Gauntlet asked me, if I seriously meant to give up all thoughts of Miss Demesey?

I assured him, that I did.

"Well, then," said he, "you ex-
"pect, of course, some part of her
"fortune,

" fortune, in confideration of the " ceffion; and I cannot object to fo " reafonable a demand."

" Not a fraction," faid I; " only " manage matters fo, as to make it " appear, that the fault of the rupture " lies with her, and that I only " have caufe to complain.....Let my " uncle be affured of this, and it is " the moft important fervice you can " render me."

He embraced me, with the utmoft joy.

" Give yourfelf no further trouble " on this head," faid he; " be guided " entirely by my directions, and I " will capture the galleon, and alfo " bring you off with flying colours."

Thus

Thus you fee, Charles, I am in a fair way of getting rid of the woman I abhor ;.....but how to poffefs the girl I adore, is now the queftion.....and have her I will.....nothing on earth can prevent it.....

Sua cui que Deus fit dir dira cupido. *

My heart thrills with rapture, at the idea of her charms.....and my hand trembles fo much, I can write no more.

FREDERICK BLAIR.

* Our lufts are gods, and what they will is fate.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

THANKS to my guardian angel; thanks to you, my Emma, who have faved me from deftruction.

This man, whom I fuppofed the moft virtuous mortal exifting, has difcovered himfelf, and is, indeed, the villain you apprehended.

What would have been my fituation, had I yielded to the favourable impreffions his conduct, at firft, gave rife to!....But you created doubts, which

which prevented my viewing him in the light I ſhould otherwiſe have done; and this gave me an appearance of a cool indifference, that left him very little to hope.

I have met Mr. Blair twice, ſince I laſt wrote to you.....The laſt time but one that I ſaw him, he took an opportunity, when Madame Fontanges was out of the room, to offer me a pocket-book, crammed full of bank notes; and, aſſuming the moſt timid and reſpectful air, requeſted my acceptance.

He was opulent, he ſaid, and only valued riches when they could be of ſervice to the unhappy.

"You muſt not attempt to deceive "me," continued he; "I am aſſured, "that

"that your prefent fituation is the "refult of fome misfortune; which, "perhaps, thefe notes may do away."

I refufed his offer with firmnefs; and he did not continue to urge my acceptance, but feemed much hurt at my refufal, heaved a figh of difappointment, and, I thought, that even a tear gliftened in his eye.

Alas! how dangerous is the fituation of unprotected woman!.....and how difficult it is to efcape the fnares of depravity, when thofe eyes, which fhe innocently fuppofes beam with the effufions of fenfibility, only glare with the ferocity of luftful defire!

Yefterday for ever rent the veil that concealed his defigns, and fhewed me, unmafked, the deformity of vice.

 I had

I had taken my week's labour, as ufual, to the milliner's; and as fhe was not at home, was fhewn into an apartment, to wait her return.

I had not been feated above ten minutes, when Mr. Blair entered the room.

He faluted me with lefs referve than ufual.....his eyes were uncommonly brilliant, and he had all the appearance of having juft quitted a convivial party.

I immediately rofe, to leave the houfe; when he prevented me, by taking my hand, and demanded an audience of a few minutes.

It was not in my power, at that time, I affured him, to grant his requeft;

queſt: and, making an effort to go away, he threw himſelf on his knees before me, and ſwore he would not riſe till I had made him happy by acceding to his propoſals.

Compelled to hear what he had to ſay, he had the cruelty to inſult me, by offering me the poſſeſſion of his fortune.

"Yes, my angel," ſaid he, "un-"
"fettered by thoſe ſhackles which the
"craft of prieſthood has invented,
"I will exiſt but for you.....and all
"our life ſhall be one day of love."

"Away! ſir," ſaid I, "you have
"now fully diſcovered the motives of
"your generoſity.....let me inſtantly
"go hence, nor baſely attempt to
"detain a woman, who deſpiſes your

" artifices, and will ever ſpurn at " your ſhameleſs propoſals with de- " teſtation."

" Then, by heaven!" ſaid he, ſpringing up, and claſping me in his arms, " you ſhall be mine, in ſpite " of all oppoſition.....love and oppor- " tunity concur to crown my wiſhes; " and your frozen heart ſhall thaw " with the ardour of my embraces."

On this, he attempted to drag me to a ſopha.....I flew to the window..... It was bolted down;....but I burſt out a pane of glaſs, and cried out loudly for aſſiſtance.

My arm, torn by the glaſs, was in a gore of blood;....and Mr. Blair, on perceiving it, turned pale, and would have endeavoured to ſtaunch the bleeding;

bleeding;....but I defired him, on his peril, not to approach, and, pulling the bell, with my utmoft force, Madame Fontanges ran into the room.

She fhricked out, with terror, at feeing me in fuch a fituation;.....and addreffing Mr. Blair, ordered him inftantly to leave the houfe; and affured him, that neither rank nor fortune fhould protect him from profecution, for fuch an attempt under her roof.

"Yes," added fhe, "the good "name I have maintained, in the "courfe of a refidence of twenty "years, in this neighbourhood, "might thus in a moment be de-"ftroyed, by this brutal affault: but "the laws fhall publicly vindicate

" my character, and punifh you for
" this outrage."

He attempted to fay fomething in his defence, and begged that he might at leaft, be permitted to afk pardon, on his knees, for the offence, which was the fudden effect of my charms, on a head, giddy with intoxication.

He would have approached, to folicit my forgivenefs; but Madame Fontanges, perceiving me much agitated, affured him, that if he did not inftantly withdraw, a conftable fhould take him into cuftody; and calling her fervant, he was obliged to retire, and, like a *guilty thing*, flunk away.

I would have returned home inftantly; but it was impoffible to prefent

prefent myfelf to my mother, in the fituation I was then in.

The kind milliner, therefore, lent me a drefs, my own being ftained with blood.....forced me to fwallow fome drops.....and did every thing fhe could to calm the flurry of my fpirits.

The good woman fervently thanked heaven for my prefervation; and, with tears, fupplicated my pardon, for her remiffnefs, in being from home at the hour I appointed to meet her.

She then infifted on feeing me fafe to my lodgings; but I would not fuffer her to take this trouble; received the birth-day petticoat, I was to embroider, and arrived here in fafety.

I am determined never again to viſit this dangerous houſe; but have ſettled with Madame, to ſend our ſervant girl, with, and for, whatever work I may want.

Is it not ſurpriſing, that in ſo terrible a predicament, I ſhould not have fainted!....but my ſpirits, happily, inſtead of failing me, roſe in proportion to the danger.

But I have been talking of myſelf, when my mother ought to employ every thought:.....Too plainly, I ſee, that ſhe every day loſes ſtrength;.... the death alſo of our faithful Mrs. Watſon, has affected her extremely; .....and it is ſo long ſince we heard from Charles, that her fears for him render her frequently very melancholy.

Oh!

Oh! my brother, were you here, you would refcue a parent from want, and fhield your fifter from infult.

Continue to write often, my Emma; advife and comfort

Your

JULIA COLVILLE.

LETTER XXXVI.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE
TO
THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Haute Ville, Boulogne Sur Mer.

As we are now confined in the Haute Ville, in Boulogne, your letters arrived, with very little delay; for an almoſt regular intercourſe is carried on, in ſpite of the war, between the two countries, by the ſmuggling and fiſhing boats.

After your declaration, that nothing ſhall check your *worthy* purſuits, I ſhall no longer attempt to urge the folly of your conduct.

I am

I am, however, very unwilling to leave this poor persecuted girl your victim; and frankly avow to you, that your description of her has so much interested me, that was it possible for me to rescue her from your snares, not even the risk of your displeasure should prevent me from doing so; but, at present, most unfortunately, this is impossible; and I can only lament, that her charms should have attracted the notice of a man, who, like the unfeeling butcher, when he praises the beauty of the innocent lamb, only views it as an incitement for its destruction, and coolly meditates its slaughter.

You will, I believe, find it rather difficult to reconcile your uncle to your refusal of Miss Demesey.....and I have no doubt, that he will erase

your

your name from his will; and, deprived of all legacy, but that of perhaps one *ſplendid ſhilling*, a piſtol will cloſe the ſcene of your abſurdities.

But as, according to your ſyſtem, *every bullet has its billet*, this cataſtrophe was not to be reſiſted, and, as *Diderot* ſays, was certainly "regiſtered "on high."

You have the aſſurance to reproach me with my adventure in Spain.....I have no objection to anſwer the accuſation; and a bare ſtatement of the facts, will fully exonerate me.

The regiment I belong to, was for ſome time in garriſon at Gibraltar..... we were at peace with Spain; and I found no difficulty in obtaining leave to make a tour in Andaluſia.....A brother

brother officer accompanied me; and we ſet out for Seville.

Walking one day in the gardens of the Alcazar, a lady paſſed, whoſe ſhape was ſo attractively elegant, that I determined to follow her, to know whether the beauty of her face correſponded with the ſymmetry of her perſon.

A light breeze favoured my wiſhes, by diſplacing her veil; and diſcovered the moſt lovely woman I ever beheld.

She remarked my attention; and, with a bluſh, which improved her charms, readjuſted her dreſs.

I was faſcinated, and continued to follow her, at a reſpectful diſtance; and, at laſt, ſaw her and her attendant

enter

enter the gates of a very handſome houſe.

Every night, I ſauntered under her balcony, without fearing the poignards of aſſaſſination; and, could I have tinkled a guitar, and drawled out ſome miſerable ditty, I have no doubt that I ſhould frequently have regaled her with a ſerenade.

My friend was extremely uneaſy..... He warned me of intrigues in this country, where, if ſucceſsful, one might be obliged to fight a legion of uncles, brothers, and couſins ;....but, finding I was not to be deterred from my purſuit, by a repreſentation of the perils I had to encounter, he inſiſted on accompanying me, in theſe midnight rambles; and I continued to *battre le pave* before the hotel of my beloved.

One evening, we fauntered to a charming walk (much frequented by the ladies of Seville) in the delightful groves of olives which extend along the banks of the Guadalquiver.

We had not taken many turns, when my friend, who was not in purfuit of a miftrefs, became tired, and left me.....I ftill continued my fearch among the veiled belles, and had foon reafon to applaud my perfeverance, by diftinguifhing the lady I looked for, attended by an officer of the Walloon guards.

As I approached, I found we were known to each other, as he had paffed fome days at Gibraltar, on a miffion to the governor.

He

He ran to me immediately, expreſſed his pleaſure at ſeeing me in Seville, and preſented me to his fair companion, whom I found to be his ſiſter.

It was not long before he perceived my attachment ;....and, far from being diſpleaſed at the diſcovery, he only required an explanation of my views ; .....(unlike yours, they were ſtrictly honourable).....and an account of my fortune and connections.

He was perfectly ſatisfied, expreſſed his joy in being ſoon entitled to call me brother ; and I only awaited the arrival of letters from England, to be united to the object of my hopes.

My leave of abſence was prolonged, and I was now quite *l'enfans de la maiſon*, and was treated with all the

the familiarity which my approaching nuptials entitled me to.

One evening, I called at the houſe of my intended brother-in-law, in order to prevail on his ſiſter to take a walk, as the freſhneſs of the evening breeze was particularly inviting.

I was informed, ſhe was in her apartment; and, availing myſelf of my privilege, I aſcended the ſtair-caſe, and tapped gently at the door.....it was only cloſed, and opened immediately to the preſſure.....when I beheld.....Donna Druſella !.....in the arms of a Franciſcan monk !

In the firſt impulſe of rage, I drew my ſword, and advanced to plunge it into the heart of the *Tartuffe*; when her confeſſor, regarding me with a ſteady

ſteady eye, that ſurpriſed and ſtaggered me, ſaid, with firmneſs,

"My life is in your hands.....
"you may take it....but remember,
"there is an inquiſition in Seville,
"that knows how to protect the
"church, and puniſh audacious
"heretics."

The mention of the inquiſition, had an electrical effort on me.....I ſheathed my ſword, and walked out of the houſe, muttering curſes againſt the ſex, the monks, and the country.

On turning the corner of the ſtreet, I met Don Juan, the brother.

He perceived my agitation, and flew to me, to learn the cauſe.

I informed

I informed him of it bluntly, and without reserve.

He ſtarted at the information; but afterwards, aſſuming a haughty air, he told me, my aſſertions were falſe; and that he would waſh out, with my blood, the calumny I had invented, to ruin his ſiſter's character.

I have the misfortune to be rather of an iraſcible diſpoſition; and never in my life was leſs in a humour to bear calmly with ſuch an addreſs.

We agreed to meet in an hour, at a ſpot, out of the city, and we ſeparated, to prepare for the conteſt.

I was ſoon ready.....A ſoldier's baggage ought always to be light; and, in ten minutes, I had diſcharged

my

my lodgings, flinted my piftols, and was on horfeback.

Don Juan was already at the fcene of action, when I arrived there..... his horfe was tied to a tree.....his coat fufpended from one of the branches.... he feemed to pant for the engagement, and paced the ground with hurried fteps :....a very long *fpado* hung by his fide ; and he appeared to view my approach with the fatisfaction of a man, who fees his enemy imploring mercy at his feet.

" *Signor Inglefe*," faid he, as I advanced, " nothing but your life can " do away the injury my fifter has " received from you, who, not con- " tent with deceiving a virtuous " woman, would cover her with guilt, " to conceal your own perfidy, and

" thus

" thus overwhelm a noble family with
" difgrace, by the moft iniquitous
" falfity."

I pitied Don Juan, and admired the noble refentment, he teftified, in behalf of the unworthy Donna Drufella.

I would fain have explained the whole transaction, and have urged him to denounce the monk, and obtain from him, by compulfion, a full confeffion ;.....but my antagonift would liften to nothing.

" Take your ground," faid he,
" and inftantly defend yourfelf; or
" by St. Jago !".....At the fame time, attacking me with fuch vigour, that I had but juft time to avoid a moft dangerous pafs.

I however

I however foon retaliated; and, after a fhort but very warm conteft, he fell lifelefs to the earth.

As I had every reafon to apprehend a very quick purfuit, I mounted his Andalufian, and, leaving my own hack in lieu of him, fet off, at full fpeed; and, by the next dawn, found myfelf at a confiderable diftance from Seville:.....But I did not relax in my diligence to regain the old rock..... The inquifition founded in my ears, and urged my flight; and, at laft, I had the good fortune to arrive, without accident, at Gibraltar.

Pray, what do you find in this detail, that will furnifh you with an opportunity of retaliating the charge of libertinifm on me?.....I do not pretend to be immaculate; but I will affert,

affert, that I never (like you) fought *the premeditated ruin of a virtuous woman!*

This fudden fhock, when I imagined myfelf about to cull the rofes, which love and chafte defire had prepared for me, for fome time, gave me fuch a diftafte to matrimony, that the fex loft, for a long time, my good opinion; for, as the Spanifh poet expreffes it,

> Mira, el amor que ordera
> Qui os viene hazer creer
> Cofas dichas por muger
> Y efcritas en el arena. *

But the acquaintance of fome amiable women, foon effaced the

 difguft

* No prudent doubts fond love allows,
We act as he commands;
I trufted to a woman's vows,
Though written on the fands.

disgust Donna Drusella's conduct had created, and established, in my mind, that general respect for the sex, which I shall ever preserve.

Let me hear from you soon;.... but no more of your intrigues.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXVII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

Haute Ville, Boulogne.

MY deareſt ſiſter will rejoice to hear, that I am ſo near her, and in daily expectation of being exchanged.

It is very long ſince I heard from you, my Julia; but, I truſt, that this has been occaſioned by the uncertain conveyance of my letters.

The gentleman, who has promiſed to deliver this into your hand (if in town, and if not returned, to put it

into the poſt) is the friend, whom I before mentioned to you.

You will, I am aſſured, pay him every attention; and he is prepared to anſwer all the queſtions, which the tender anxiety of my mother may put to him.....His departure has been accelerated by the following accident.

We were, this morning, ſauntering up and down, in front of our priſon, when an old man, in the habit of a beggar, addreſſed himſelf to us, and requeſted us, in the hackneyed phraſe of *mes bons milords*, for charity.

My companion, on looking at the mendicant, threw him ſome pieces of coin, and haſtily ſeizing my arm, withdrew me.

I ob-

I obferved, that he feemed greatly agitated; and when we regained our apartments, he threw himfelf into my arms, and declared, he was ruined; that the beggar had formerly been his own valet de chambre; and that it was impoffible to fuppofe, he did not recognize his mafter.

It was, therefore, certain, that he would be immediately denounced; and that nothing could fave him from an ignominious death.

"This," faid he, "is an event of "little import.....I have no relatives ".....not even a fifter," added he, with a figh, "to lament my fate, or "drop a tear of pity, to my memory. ".....But, perhaps, your generofity "will involve you in my misfortunes; "and though my forrows will end

"with my exiftence, yours will be "perpetuated in the bofom of your "affectionate family.....Oh! how I "now curfe that timid policy, which "induced me to affume a borrowed "name, and thus overwhelm my "benefactor in my ruin!"

I endeavoured to footh him, infifted on the probability of his not being known; and requefted him, at all events, to calm his emotion, and meet the worft with firmnefs.

As I faid this, a knock at our door alarmed us; and we faw the ferjeant of the guard enter, accompanied by the very perfon, of whom we had been talking.

The Marquis turned away, to conceal his diforder; and the foldier, having

having uſhered the mendicant into the room, left him with us.

My friend then addreſſed him:

" I was aſſured," ſaid he, " that " you recollected me; and was juſt " now remarking to this gentleman, " that the criſis of my fate was arrived " .....you will, doubtleſs, acquire a " civic crown, for betraying your " former maſter; and you will boaſt " the greater merit, as he was.....*the* " *ſupporter of your family*, and, in " the courſe of your ſervice, daily " heaped new favours on you, as " long as he had any thing to be- " ſtow.....perſonal pique, or reſent- " ment, can therefore have no part in " the declaration you are about to " make; and, Brutus like, you will " have the glory of ſacrificing your

"friend at the ſhrine of patriot-
"iſm!"

"God forbid!" ſaid the poor fellow, throwing himſelf at the feet of the Marquis, "that I ſhould be the "villain you ſuppoſe me to be!.....I "am poor and wretched;....but were "the riches of the univerſe offered me "to denounce the beſt of maſters, I "would embrace death in preference, "and expire with honour......I ſaw "and knew you; and could not re- "ſiſt the wiſh I had, to aſſure you of "my reſpect and gratitude.....I ſuſ- "pected your ſituation from your "dreſs, and made no inquiries you "could ſuffer by:.....But, my dear "Lord," added he, kiſſing his hand, which he bedewed with tears, "you "are here in the utmoſt danger:.... "As deſpicable as I appear, I may,
"perhaps,

" perhaps, be able to refcue you from " it......Can you truft me ?.....or do " you ftill believe me an affaffin ?"

" No, my dear Durant," faid my friend ; " pardon the cowardly and " unjuft fufpicions of a troubled " mind ; and let me give you a con- " vincing proof of my confidence, " by putting myfelf entirely under " your guidance."

" Well," faid the old man, " there " is, then, no time to be loft....I go " to prepare every thing, and will " very fhortly return."

" Ah !" faid the Marquis, as foon as Durant left us, " thanks be to God, " there ftill exift in France fome " remnants of honour and fidelity !.... " May thefe precious embers be

" fanned by the profperous hand of
" fortune, till the glorious flame,
" blazing in full fplendor from its
" obfcurity, rekindle all thofe noble
" fentiments, the former boaft of
" Frenchmen !"

In a fhort time, Durant returned.

" This evening," faid he, " My
" daughter fhall bring you a bafket
" of fruit.....You will take the drefs
" fhe conveys to you, and imme-
" diately gain the fea fhore.....Pafs
" the fort *de Crui*, then fit down on
" a projecting craggy rock,
" which you will find extend far
" into the fea, and there await my
" arrival.....My daughter is married
" to a fmuggler.....his boat will be
" ready for us; and his wife hazards
" nothing, by rendering you this fer-
" vice.

" vice.....She has only to remain ſome
" time with your friend here, that
" you may be miſtaken for her.....She
" may then withdraw; none of the
" ſentinels will attempt to ſtop or
" moleſt her.....I will accompany you
" to England, and there ſerve you
" till my laſt breath."

This evening, conſequently, I loſe the companion of my captivity; and, though I regret infinitely the company of my friend, I muſt rejoice at an opportunity for his eſcape, as the moſt trivial circumſtance might diſcover he was a Frenchman.

Farewel, my dear Julia....Embrace my mother for me, and tell her, I hope very ſhortly to ſee and find you both in health and happineſs.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London,

YES, Charles, I muſt again torment you, on the ſubject of my abſurdities.

I am diſtracted !......humbled, in my own opinion !....and have forfeited, for ever, that of the woman I adore....I therefore fly to your friendſhip for conſolation.

Be not too ſevere,....Bear with me, and remember, that, with all your *ſang froid*, you confeſs, that you have paſſions.....Is it my fault, that mine

are

are more unruly, more turbulent, than yours ?

It is eaſy to reaſon and adviſe, when our hearts are free : but recollect, that all the ſtilettos of Seville could not prevent you from proſecuting your amour with the fair Spaniard ;....and, forgetting your philoſophy and prudence, you ſuffered yourſelf to be led entirely by the blind urchin.

In my caſe, there is no medium to be attended to.....Either I muſt be ſupremely bleſt, in the poſſeſſion of this bewitching girl, or I muſt be miſerable for ever.

I therefore determined to bring the matter to a criſis ; and, as you would ſay, to carry the fortreſs by ſtorm :.... but, by the intervention of a curſed accident,

accident, which at once deſtroyed my hopes, I find myſelf ſtill more diſtant from the point I wiſhed to attain.

A heavy purſe eaſily prevailed on Fontanges to be conveniently out of the way, on the evening appointed for my attack; and every thing was moſt happily arranged, to deceive the dear girl, and ſecure her mine.

The day that was to determine my fate arrived.....I dined at my own lodgings; and, as the hour approached, at which ſhe generally went to the milliner's, my heart palpitated, my whole frame trembled, and, for the firſt time in my life, I began to doubt of my ſucceſs.

Glaſs after glaſs was ſwallowed in vain;....the wine ſeemed to have loſt its

its ftrength ;....and not all the exhilarating powers of champaign could calm the agitation of my mind.

I went to the milliner's....Mifs Brown was not yet arrived, and I waited an hour, in the moft painful fufpenfe......An age of purgatory would have been more fupportable.

At laft, a gentle knock ftruck the door.....A female voice inquired for Fontanges.....It was my charmer ;.... and I heard her trip lightly up ftairs.

I now confidered the prize as already in my nets ; and haftened to avail myfelf of my fuccefs.

I opened the door ; and affected furprife, at feeing her.....She would inftantly have retired, had I not requefted

quefted a few moments converfation, in a manner, that convinced her I would not be refufed; and fhe complied, though evidently much alarmed.

I feized her hand, and preffed it to my lips.....The touch thrilled to my inmoft foul, and fwelled every vein with rapture.

I faid a thoufand ridiculous things; and offered her my fortune.....(this, you know, Charles, fhe would not have been much burthened with, as I have begun the world, as other men end it.....by being ruined).....She repelled me, with difdain.

My paffions rofe to the utmoft height.....they became too ftrong to be reftrained.....I clafped her in my arms,

arms, and attempted to convey her to a ſopha.

With ſurpriſing dexterity, ſhe ſprang from my graſp.....flew to the window.....and, in her efforts to open it, cut herſelf dreadfully.

At this moment, I would have forfeited my life.....even have promiſed to relinquiſh all further purſuit .....could I have ſtopped the bleeding .....but I was ſo ſtruck with my own folly, and the horror of beholding her, almoſt fainting, and covered with gore, that I remained motionleſs.

The old beldam, alarmed at her cries, ran into the room, with the beſt diſſembled aſtoniſhment; and rating me, with the moſt conſummate aſſurance, for attempting to diſhonour a lady,

a lady, in her houſe, deſired me inſtantly to quit the room.

I cut ſo very contemptible a figure, that I was glad to get off, as ſoon as poſſible, and, haſtily running down ſtairs, waited in Fontanges' back parlour, till I could ſee again the old lady.

In a ſhort time, I heard her ſend for a coach, which carried off the lovely girl.

"You have made a pretty blun" dering buſineſs of it, indeed," ſaid Fontanges, when ſhe entered the room; "women of character are "much to blame, to permit wrong-"headed young men, like you, to "find accommodations in their "houſes.....Had I taken the advice of

"my

" my dear old Duke of **********,
" I ſhould never have permitted any
" man, under ſixty, to make aſſigna-
" tions under my roof."

" Come, come, Fontanges," ſaid
I, " I am in no humour to hear all
" this nonſenſical cant......Here,"
throwing her ſome notes, " take
" theſe; and now tell me, if I have
" any thing left to hope.....You can,
" I am aſſured, aſſiſt me, if you will;
" and, if you do not, a piſtol ſhall
" put an end to my miſery ;....but not
" till I have previouſly murdered you,
" as the firſt cauſe of my misfortune,
" by introducing ſo dangerous a
" woman to my acquaintance."

" Why really, Mr. Blair," returned
ſhe, " you are ſo violent, and ſo hot-
" headed, that you attack a woman,

"as you would a battery.....You "know, that I have a pleaſure in "obliging perſons of family and "faſhion; but, if I intereſt myſelf "in this affair, you muſt poſitively "behave with more circumſpection. ".....A woman, who, like me, has "long enjoyed an unblemiſhed repu- "tation, muſt be very cautious how "ſhe proceeds in theſe matters;.... "and, were I to adviſe you, you "would think no more of the "wench."

"No more on that ſubject, if you "pleaſe, Fontanges," ſaid I; "here, "you croſs jâde, are the companions "of the notes I gave you before; "and I have ſome more paper in my "pocket, which you ſhall alſo have, "if you ſwear to aſſiſt, with all your "contrivance".....

"Why,

" Why, you are so much in
" earnest," said she, " and look so
" very furious, that it would be
" downright inhuman to drive you
" to desperation.....Know then, that
" Miss Brown will come here no more.
" ....On Saturday evening, her servant
" girl is to bring me the dress she
" has taken to finish ;....and you may
" then, if you please, see the girl ;
" and I doubt not, for a trifle, she
" will become subservient to your
" views and wishes.....And all the
" assistance I can give you is, to
" supply her with work.....But I have
" already paid her so liberally, that
" the small fund you left, for that
" purpose, is already quite ex-
" hausted."

" Then take this purse," replied I,
" and continue to reward her hand-
" somely.

"somely.....I shall, at least, have the "satisfaction of knowing, that I "contribute something to her support."

I shall not close this, till I have had an interview with the *sombrette*.

I HAVE seen her, and have received intelligence, that renders me more criminal, and more miserable.

The servant informs me, that her mistress and her daughter, (Miss Brown) live in Edgware-road, in a paltry lodging; that the mother is tottering on the brink of the grave, and that this amiable girl never leaves her parent for a moment, except to carry home or procure work;....that her hours are past between administering

ftering to the comfort of her mother, and labouring for her fupport.

And this (you will fay) is the woman you wifh to deftroy!

No, Charles, I would perifh to preferve her, nor can I exift without her.

Was I a man of independent fortune, unfhackled by connections, and free from engagements, I think, I fhould have virtue enough to marry her; but fituated as I am, at the mercy of an uncle, who prides himfelf on the quarters of his efcutcheon, and the ancient titles of his family, I fhould only entail mifery and want, where I meant to confer happinefs.

But may I not, by temporizing, at once ſecure the poſſeſſion of the beloved object, and ſtill keep well with the earl?

By heavens! there is rapture in the thought!.....In a very ſhort time, the mother muſt (as the ſervant aſſures me) die;....my fair one will then be totally miſtreſs of her own actions.... I will fly to her, diſcloſe my ſituation, and requeſt her to conſent to a private marriage, or to permit me to be her protector, till the demiſe of the old peer allows me to preſent her to the world, as my wife, and inveſt her with the title ſhe will ſo much embelliſh.

Believe me, Charles, my ideas are ſo much altered, ſince the repulſe I have met with; and I have, now, ſuch

ſuch a reſpect for the virtues of Miſs Brown, that I could be ſupremely happy with the title of her friend..... You ſmile.....but I aſſure you, at this moment, I feel what I expreſs, and am no longer doubtful of the exiſtence of platonic attachments.

Do not abandon me in the moment of embarraſſment.....Adviſe me what to do.....I will ſubmit to any thing, but abandoning all thoughts of my enchantreſs.

Remember, that with all my follies, I am ſtill, moſt ſincerely,

Your friend,

FRED. BLAIR.

LETTER XXXIX.

THE MARQUIS DE CHAMBORD

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Holles-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.

My dear friend,

OUR paſſage was as fortunate as the plan was well laid.....I found the faithful Durant waiting for me on the ſhore; and, in a few minutes after, a boat appeared;.....but the wind was ſo tempeſtuous, and the ſurf ſo furious, that ſhe could not approach within ſeveral fathoms of the ſhore.

I began to fear, that the elements had combined with my enemies, to work my ruin.

To

To wade to the boat was impoſſible ;....to return, death.

In this predicament, we were perceived, and challenged, by the centinels in the fort.

We obſerved lights rapidly carried to and fro ;....and, ſhortly after, we ſaw a party of ſoldiers attempting to land, in order, no doubt, to purſue us.....luckily, the water was too high to permit them.

They then fired a cannon-ſhot at the boat, but without effect ; and the ſailors ſtill awaited us, though very near the battery.

Several muſkets were then diſcharged at us, directed by the ſound of our voices ; and we were obliged

to ſhelter ourſelves behind the rock; and thus remained, watching the boat, aſtoniſhed that ſhe did not ſail away, and deploring our ill fortune.

A moment after, we remarked ſomething floating on the waves.....the tide was flowing, the wind blew towards the ſhore, and we ſoon found it was a caſk, made faſt to a ſtrong rope, which our friends had thrown overboard for us.

We loſt no time in availing ourſelves of it.....I would fain have perſuaded Durant to return, and not venture himſelf with me; but the affectionate creature inſiſted, and we both bound it ſtrongly round our bodies, and advanced boldly among the breakers.

The

The firft wave we encountered, raifed us to a prodigious height, and carried us back to our former ftation ; but the boat's crew perceived us, and giving us a cheer, to prepare us, we were hauled, nearly drowned, into the veffel.

Poor Durant was quite exhaufted, and apparently lifelefs ; but after fome time recovered.

As I had fome knowledge of fwimming, I arrived on board in rather a better plight.

The battery continued to fire at us ; but we were foon out of the reach of their guns, and were landed fafely, though drenched with fea, fix hours afterwards, at Hythe.

On my arrival in London, I called at Mrs. Colville's; but was informed, ſhe had left her houſe about ſix months ago.....I therefore committed my charge to the care of the poſt-office, and muſt hope for another opportunity of paying my reſpects to your family.

I have waited on Mr. Blair, who was rejoiced to ſee a perſon, who had ſo recently quitted you; and paid me the moſt flattering attention.

Mr. Harris, of Dover, aſſured me, he would take care of all letters addreſſed to him.

I beg you will conſider me as your *homme d'affaire*, as long as I remain in this land of real freedom; and let me aſſure you, that my greateſt happineſs will

will confiſt in being uſeful to my friend.

Au Revoir.

LE MARQUIS DE CHAMBORD.

LETTER XL.

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

London.

STILL muſt I plague you with letters;....and ſtill muſt the ſubject be the ſame.

But I no longer ſeek this lovely woman, on the terms I formerly did.

Her virtues, her dignity, have checked the fury of my deſires; but have rivetted more cloſely my chains.

I ſought

I fought her, at firft, as a defirable object ;.....I adore her now, as the firft of women.....as the only one with whom I could pafs my life.....as an angel, who could convert the moft determined profligate into a man of the pureft fentiment.

Wonder, Charles, and congratulate me; but do not fancy that this is the effect of your lectures.....One glance from the enflaving eyes of Mifs Brown, would be more perfuafive than all the arguments of the moft profound *Averroes** of the prefent day.

I have determined to write a penitential letter, and beg forgivenefs; but have not yet been able to pleafe myfelf.....I have already torn a dozen

 .....fome

* Averroes lived in the twelfth century..... ...e fubtle of all the Arabian philofophers.

.....fome are too prefuming.....fome too cold.....others abounded with a paffion bordering on madnefs.....in fhort, nothing I have compofed will do.

Were you here, Charles, what might we not produce between us?.... the coldnefs of your character would correct my warmth; and an epiftle, thus fabricated, would certainly be a *chef d'œuvre.*

But as there is no one but yourfelf, that I would chufe to make my confidant, I muft again make a trial of my epiftolary talents.

I muft tell you, that I have entirely got over my engagement with Mifs Demefey.

You

You recollect, that I informed you, I was to act a subordinate part in the affair, and had promised to be guided entirely by Colonel Gauntlet.

In consequence of his directions, I continued to pay my respects, and dined every other day at the house.

I generally met their new acquaintance, the colonel, there; and soon perceived, that he had made a *lodgment* in the heart of Miss Jemima.

Still the preparations for my wedding went on.....A carriage was bespoke....patterns of different species of furniture inspected.....and an elegant house, in Portland-place, fixed on, as our future residence.

(Do you not give me credit, Charles, for thus difdaining all the trappings of fafhion and *haut ton*, and for preferring the hand of an amiable woman, to all the *pride, pomp, and circumftance, of wealth?)*

My uncle was in the higheft glee; and, taking me afide the other morning,

" Frederick," faid he, " you will " have occafion, at prefent, for " money.....Here are notes for two " thoufand pounds.....Take them..... " you will foon be in a condition to " repay me."

You may be fure I did not hefitate to comply, and very gravely depofited them in my pocket-book.

But

But theſe preparations made me tremble.....It appeared to me, that I had gone too far, and that it would be impoſſible to recede.

I mentioned my uneaſineſs to Gauntlet.

" Have you not promiſed," ſaid he, " implicitly to do what I ſhall point " out ?....and have you no confidence " in me ?"

His firm coolneſs calmed my apprehenſions, and I repeated my willingneſs to do as he directed ; but begged him to be cautious.

" One week ſhall finiſh the " buſineſs," replied he, " and, in " the mean time, you will do well to " hint to Lord Kincardine, that I

" am

"am too much with Miſs Demeſey, "and that you are diſpleaſed with the "attention ſhe pays me.....And re- "member, if you again doubt of "my ability to accompliſh our plan, "I ſhall leave you to get out of the "ſcrape as you can."

I took an early opportunity to hint to my uncle, that Gauntlet was rather particular with my intended.

He rallied me, and told me, that if thus apprehenſive before marriage, I ſhould be a moſt jealous and unhappy huſband.

"It may be ſo, my lord," ſaid I, "but "a lover's eyes are ſeldom miſtaken."

A few days after this, Jack called on me.

"You

"You have talked to the peer," ſaid he; "go now, and repeat the "ſame to old Demeſey.....Inſiſt on "my being denied whenever I call "at the houſe; and treat his "daughter with ſuſpicious ill "humour."

I took his advice; and the unſuſpecting father aſſured me, I had nothing to apprehend.....that I entirely engroſſed the affections of the heireſs; ....but that he would certainly comply with my requeſt, and ſhut his door againſt the colonel.

Two days after this, Gauntlet paid me a viſit, in the higheſt ſpirits.

"The train is now laid," ſaid he, "and the exploſion will certainly "take place tomorrow night."

I now

I now learnt, that he had ſo far inſinuated himſelf into the good graces of the young lady, that ſhe had actually conſented to admit him into her bedchamber.

As we were to be ſo ſoon married, he had perſuaded her, that no conſequences were to be apprehended; and it was ſettled, that he was to become the *cavaliero ſervente* of my wife.

According to our arrangement, at the appointed time, I ran breathleſs to my uncle.

" Now, my lord," ſaid I, " I am " ſatisfied of the baſeneſs of Miſs " Demeſey.....I have long ſuſpected " an intrigue between her and Colonel " Gauntlet; and this moment, ſpies, " whom

" whom I placed to watch the door, " inform me, he is now in the houfe."

" Impoffible!" faid my uncle; " it cannot be!....but I will imme- " diately accompany you thither; " and hope.....that by convincing " you how groundlefs your fufpicions " are, to cure you of · prefent and " future jealoufy."

It was now near one o'clock in the morning, and the good Burgeois family was generally at reft by eleven; ....but, by the good management of my confederate, a footman was ready to open the door on the firft knock.

We inquired for the old fellow's apartment;.....and going in, aroufed him from a moft fonorous flumber.

He

He ſtarted up in his bed, and ſeeing ſo many perſons around him, cried out, in a voice of terror,

"Where is the fire?.....Take care
"of the iron cheſt in the counting
"houſe!.....Thank God, the houſe is
"well inſured!....Are the ſtairs burnt?
".....Can we eſcape by the win-
"dows?"

We ſoon quieted his fears, and deſired him to accompany us to his daughter's room.

He was extremely provoked at our untimely viſit; but conſented to go with us.

We tapped at her door.....The father deſired it might be immediately opened.

"Law,

"Law, pa," ſaid Miſs Jemima, "what is the matter?.....ſure you "would not have me catch cold, by "riſing from my warm bed.",

"Open the door, this moment!" returned the old man.

"Then do ſtop," ſaid ſhe, "till I "ſlip on a petticoat.....You are ſo "vhimſical."

We then diſtinctly heard a window open and ſhut; and a door was ſuddenly cloſed.

She afterwards turned the key in the lock, and we walked in;.....but as ſoon as ſhe perceived us, ſhe ſhrieked out, and ran to her bed.

My uncle drew back the curtains; "See,"

“ See,” ſaid he, “ how unjuſt you “ are !.....Look how the lovely girl “ weeps.....Go,” continued he, “ em- “ brace your wife, and on your knees “ beg her to pardon you.”

“ Softly, my good Lord,” ſaid I, drawing from under the bed a pair of ſmall-cloaths, “ theſe are not the uſual “ appendage of a lady !”

My uncle's blood flew to his face.

The father opening wide his mouth and eyes, gaped in wonder, as I diſplayed the fatal pledge of her infi-delity.

“ Come,” ſaid my uncle, “ the “ owner of theſe cannot be very far “ diſtant”.....And opening the cloſet door, diſcovered the colonel.

Mutual

Mutual and well-ſupported threats, and menaces, were now interchanged; ....and we retired.....the peer curſing the moment he had ſuggeſted my addreſſing a plebean;.....and the father giving, to the devil, his daughter, her gallant, and the army.

On our return, I aſked my uncle, if he did not think I had had a narrow eſcape.

"Why, after what has happened," ſaid he, "I would not have you marry "the girl.....But your jealous precau-"tions have been the ruin of all my "ſplendid expectations; and, let me "tell you, if all lovers were ſo atten-"tive to the failings of their miſ-"treſſes, very few, indeed, would "lead a London dame to the altar.

Thus

Thus you ſee, Charles, that even my uncle, with all his punctilios and principle, would chearfully ſacrifice my happineſs, for the paltry conſideration of a maſs of coin.

However, I do not pretend altogether to deſpiſe gold.....It is a very neceſſary evil.....and, to convince the old courtier, that, in this point, at leaſt, I reſemble him, he ſhall never again behold his two thouſand pounds.

I have juſt now ſeen your friend, the Marquis de Chambord.....He is a pleaſant man; and I have tired him with a thouſand queſtions about you, whom, he ſays, I may ſhortly expect to ſee.

That it may be the caſe, is the wiſh of

FRED. BLAIR.

I AGAIN

I AGAIN open this, to tell you, that old Demefey called this morning at my uncle's; and that, after a general confultation, it was determined, that Jack fhould marry Jemima, and receive the fortune that was intended for her before.

What a fortunate rogue!....but I much fear, a few unlucky nights at Brookes's will foon lighten his treafure.

LETTER XLI.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

WE are not permitted even to enjoy our retreat in peace; and the folly of our fervant girl has rendered it neceffary for us to leave our prefent lodgings.

Mr. Blair met her, at the milliner's, where I had fent her, and flipping fome guineas into her hand, forcibly detained her, till he had extracted all the information fhe could give him.

On

On her return, I perceived that ſomething extraordinary had happened to her; and, when queſtioned, ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, and confeſſed the whole.....at the ſame time, ſhewing me the money ſhe had received.

What diſgraceful methods will a man employ, whoſe deſigns are vicious!....Is it not intolerable, that we are to be thus perſecuted!

How inconvenient, how unpleaſant, this removal to my mother, who began to be habituated to her little manſion!

I have informed her of part of Mr. B.'s ſtory; and ſhe is determined to remain no longer here.

I have obferved a man of mean appearance, who, ever fince laft Saturday, has ftationed himfelf near our lodgings; and as there is a public-houfe within a few doors, affects to loiter about it.

Yefterday, this perfon was met by another; and, though muffled up in a large box coat, I perceived it was Mr. Blair.

It would be unfafe, to delay our removal from hence....I have found a fmall lodging in Kenfington, and we purpofe removing there tomorrow night.

I had determined to difcharge the girl; but as, I believe, fhe erred through mere fimplicity, and promifes to be more on her guard in future, I have confented to keep her.

The

The perſon to whom the houſe we are going to belongs, is a chamber milliner; ſo that I can be furniſhed with work, without the trouble and riſk of ſending for it.

My mother's illneſs ſtill gains ground; but, in her, the decay of nature appears ſo gradually gentle, that, to a perſon who ſtudied her maladies leſs than I do, ſhe would not appear to be in a dangerous way.

The letter you ſent me from Charles, was a comfort, we had long wiſhed for .....he expects to be ſoon in England: ....but what will he feel, when informed of our diſtreſs?

Oh, Emma! this brother, I ſo much wiſhed to embrace, I now dread to ſee.

Heaven grant that our circumſtances may be improved, before he arrives! ....for all the ſufferings he could endure in France, would be trifling, to the poignancy of his affliction, in finding us ſituated as we are at preſent.

Heaven bleſs you! my deareſt Emma.

JULIA COLVILLE.

Direct to Mrs. Willes's,
Kenſington.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

MRS. DENHAM

TO

MISS COLVILLE.

I FIND, my deareſt friend, that I have unfortunately been too true a propheteſs; and am happy, that, unlike Caſſandra, I have met with attention to my advice, and thus put you on your guard againſt the artifices of a man, who, by your deſcription, ſeemed but too well formed to make an impreſſion on a heart of innocence and ſenſibility.

But that he ſhould have the audacity to attempt to bend you to his

 will,

will, by forcible means, was an outrage I could not fuppofe him capable of.

I tremble at the recollection of your fituation, when in the power of this wicked man, and fhall not ceafe to adore the goodnefs of the Great Protector of virtue, who fnatched you from the grafp of the villain.

Leaving your lodgings, was an unpleafant, but very neceffary meafure .....Every thing is to be dreaded from fuch a ruffian ; and, I truft, you have left no clue that can guide him to your new abode.

Mr. Denham has juft received a fummons from Elm-park.....My guardian is very ill, and defires immediately to fee us both.

I fuppofe

I ſuppoſe he is willing to cloſe his exiſtence with an act of juſtice, and reſtore me my property.

We therefore ſet off, tomorrow morning, to witneſs a reſtitution, which death alone could effect ;....and, if this be the caſe, it will be neceſſary for Henry to go to London, and I ſhall certainly accompany him, that I may convince you, in perſon, how much I am,

Ever your's,

EMMA DENHAM.

My beſt wiſhes and reſpects to Mrs. Colville.

LETTER XLIII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE
TO
THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

Boulogne.

IF your amours and intrigues will permit you leiſure to aſſiſt a friend, I beg you to loſe no time in requeſting Lord Kincardine to inform the ſecretary of ſtate of my ſituation.....as delay, in my caſe, may be death.

As ſoon as it was known, that the Marquis had effected his eſcape, I was cloſely confined, on ſuſpicion of being acceſſary to it, and loaded with chains (but was permitted to remain in

in the apartment I had before occupied) till I had been examined.

A few days after de Chambord's departure, the commandant of the town, attended by the officer of the guard, and a ſecretary, walked into my room; and, after informing me, that it was well known, that I had contrived to effect the eſcape of my fellow priſoner (although I had failed in making my own) and as we could not poſſibly have ſucceeded, without the aſſiſtance of ſome perſons of the town, it was expected, that I ſhould immediately give up the traitors to that puniſhment, they ſo well merited ;.... that, if my confeſſion was ingenuous, I ſhould be allowed to walk abroad, as before ; but that, if I diſguiſed any thing, I had every thing to dread, from their equitable ſeverity.

I anſwered, that the eſcape of my friend, was a meaſure of which the merit was ſolely his; and, if aided by any inhabitants of Boulogne, I was totally ignorant of it.

The officer, then, with a contemptuous air, told me, this was too direct a falſhood to be borne with.

"What," ſaid he, "when you "both together had concerted the "plan of getting away.....when you "were the ſworn friends of each other ".....and were equally intereſted in "regaining your freedom.....have you "the aſſurance to tell us, that you "had no abettors, and that you are "unacquainted with the means you "propoſed to employ?"

" We were by no means equally " prompted to make our efcape," replied I; " I, as a Britifh officer, " a prifoner of war, can have nothing " to apprehend from a nation, that " boaft of generofity and refinement; " but an emigrant nobleman had " every thing to dread in France."

" An emigrant nobleman ?"

" Yes !...the Marquis de Chambord " is the prifoner you have loft; and " who has, I truft, by this time, " fecured his fafety."

" What !" faid the commandant, addreffing the captain of the guard, " is it thus, citizen, that you ferve " the republic !....You too have con- " nived at the flight of this fpy, and " fhall fuffer in his ftead."

 In

In vain the officer urged his innocence.....he was hurried away into confinement.

Then turning to me,

"It is poffible," faid the commandant, "that you alfo are a traitor....an incendiary, perhaps, who, "under the drefs of an Englifh officer, "are the agent of fome hellifh plot "of royalty againft us.....But *you* fhall "not flip through our hands.....you "fhall learn, that we know how to "refpect thofe whom the fortune of "war places in our power; but you "fhall alfo find, that fpies will be "treated with the rigour, their de-"teftable profeffion entitles them to."

Having faid this, the jailor was directed to conduct me to a dungeon; and

and ſo promptly was this order complied with, that I was not permitted to ſay a word in my defence.

Here, then, is your friend in a miſerable damp cell.....a ſquare of about eight feet by twelve.....the walls dripping with wet.....and a ſmall round hole, of half a foot diameter, and ſtrongly grated, the only aperture.

Here, upon a little ſtraw, I am left to meditate on my misfortunes.

In about an hour after my being inſtalled here, the keeper of the priſon entered......He placed a jug of water on the ground, and delivered me half a pound of bread, blacker than the *bon pour nikel** of the Germans,

* *Bon pour nikel*.....German bread, given to the ſoldiers; very coarſe.

man's, and as hard as the Swedish *kakebroe.* *

I begged he would solicit leave for me to see, once more, the commandant, that I might be allowed to prove, that I was not an impostor.

He shook his head, and left me, without replying.

In the evening, he again entered my cell.....He locked the door carefully after him, and seating himself on the straw beside me, pulled out of his pocket a bottle of wine, and some biscuits.

"Come,"

* *Kakabroe*.....Bread made in Sweden, of rye, oats, and the bark of trees, and often kept for six months before it is used.

"Come," ſaid he, "courage!.....
"do not deſpair; you ſee before you
"a man, who is obliged to wear the
"appearance of ſeverity, but whoſe
"heart is ſuſceptible of the utmoſt
"compaſſion......*Alons*," ſaid he, filling a glaſs of wine, "you have faſted
"for ſome time.....this will be of
"ſervice to you."

You may gueſs my ſurpriſe at this addreſs; but ſuſpecting that he was ſent to induce me, by profeſſions of pity, to declare what perſons had aſſiſted the Marquis's flight, I anſwered him coolly, that I had a very high opinion of the humanity of gentlemen of his profeſſion, but that he might ſave himſelf the trouble of interrogating me, as I had nothing to confeſs.

He protested, that I did him great injustice;

"And to prove it," said he, "know, that I am acquainted with "the means of your friend's escape; "and that Durant, the beggar, who "inquired for you, was the man to "whom he is obliged for his safety..... "I know, that his son-in-law is an "outlawed English smuggler, who "resides here, and that his boat con-"veyed him away :....And, if I de-"lighted in acts of cruelty, I might "have the savage satisfaction of "destroying a whole family, by "declaring the fact.....But my soul "abhors bloodshed; and I have "already witnessed so many scenes "of horror, in this unhappy country, "that had I not a wife and other ties, "that compel me to remain, I would "fly

"fly far from such a theatre of "slaughter.....I was formerly," continued he, "captain of one of those "passage vessels, that ply between "Dover and Calais......On the war "breaking out, I was advised to fit "out my vessel, as a corsair; but, "unfortunately, the first trip we "made, when in the act of boarding "a trader, off the North Foreland, a "cutter came up, and captured us..... "Thus, at one moment, I lost every "thing, which the industry of thirty "years of peril and fatigue had "accummulated......I was soon exchanged; but my friends, instead "of assisting, cursed me for a mad "and senseless adventurer; and, thus "abandoned by all, I was left quite "on the *pave*.

"At

"At length, the office of jailor "became vacant; and, as a meafure "of neceffity, I applied for it, and "was fuccefsful.....I am convinced, "that you are a Britifh officer, and "a man of honour.....I tremble for "the danger you are in; and have "received fo many favours from gen-"tlemen of your country, that you "may command my fervices..... "Here is paper," continued he, "write inftantly to your friends. "....Get proper atteftation made of "your rank.....and let your minif-"ter procure your immediate ex-"change."

I embraced the kind jailor, and di-rectly fat down to write to you.

Some newfpapers are to be fent to England tomorrow, in a flag of truce. ....This

....This will be conveyed over in one of them.

Farewell !.....I need not urge you to exert yourself.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER XLIV.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

Edgware-road.

FELICITATE me, Charles..... I have juſt compoſed the moſt tender *billet doux*, that ever came from the quill of a penitent lover.

I have offered my hand, as a reparation for my ill behaviour..... Yes, Charles, I have poſitively determined to commit matrimony, *conte qu'il conte.*

You will perhaps ſay, that it is a matter of neceſſity, as I can by no other

other means possess the woman I adore.....But let me perish, if she has not inspired me with a sentiment, so different from whatever I before experienced.....an admiration, mingled with such respectful love, that if I beheld her totally in my power, wholly incapable of resistance, may I die if.....(that is, as I think at this moment, for the flesh, you know, Charles, is weak).....I would transgress the bounds of decorum.

But I am chatting to you, when I should have sent off my letter, which now lies on my table.....Yet how to convey it !....Shall I commit it to the care of Thomas !....He is a clever, trusty fellow.

No, that must not be.....'tis true, he is a very adroit Mercury, but has only

only been employed on little affairs, of cafual intrigue; and it would be profane to commit my epiftle to his unhallowed hand.

I will, therefore, flip on a furtout, and give it myfelf, with a fingle rap at the door.

I go, my friend.....You fhall know my fuccefs, for I will not clofe this till my return.

* * * * * * *

Death and deftruction!....Ruined for ever!....I am frantic!....mad with vexation!

She is gone!....perhaps I never again fhall behold her.....but I will fearch

ſearch for her, to the very centre of the earth.

Fool!....curſed fool, that I was, thus to deſtroy my own happineſs, by a ſacrilegious attempt on the virtue of the moſt angelic girl that ever exiſted!

On my knocking at the door of Miſs Brown's lodging, an elderly woman opened it.....I popped my note into her hand, and was walking off in great haſte, when, having adjuſted her ſpectacles to her noſe, and read the direction, ſhe called me back.

"Miſs is no longer my lodger," ſaid ſhe.

"No!" replied I, with ſurpriſe;.... "you can, then, aſſuredly tell me,

"where]

" where to take this, as it is a letter
" of particular confequence."

" That is out of my power," returned fhe; " Mifs Brown, and her " mamma, left my houfe laft night " in a hackney coach, which was " ordered to drive to the White-" Horfe cellar, in Piccadilly.....I think " they mentioned an intention of " vifiting fome relation near Carlifle; " and mean to take their places in " the ftage."

I afked no more; but rather flew than ran to Piccadilly.....ranfacked all the coach offices, abufed the mafters, for not remarking the moft beautiful woman in the creation.....bribed half a dozen porters, to fearch every where for the names of Mrs. and Mifs Brown .....and, after tumbling over the book

book, and narrowly efcaping with whole bones, I returned to Edgware-road, in a ftate of mind, impoffible to be defcribed.

Forgetting my difguife, I knocked loudly at the door; and the fame old woman came to open it:....but, feeing me, faid peevifhly,

"I told you before, young man, "that I knew nothing of the people "you inquire for; and 'tis vaftly "impertinent in fervants to alarm "one with rapping like their "mafters!"

Saying this, fhe would have clofed the door; but I luckily prevented her.

"I am no fervant," faid I;...."I "came here to look at your lodgings, "and

"and to hire the rooms, my friends
"have quitted."

In a moment, ſhe changed her tone, to the moſt ſubmiſſive apologies.

She ſhould be happy to accommodate me.....had ſhe looked at me well, ſhe might ſoon, ſhe ſaid, have perceived me to be a gentleman;.... with a hundred other excuſes.

She then ſhewed me the apartments .....two paltry rooms, not half furniſhed.

"This, ſir," ſaid the old landlady, "was Mrs. Brown's bed-cham-
"ber."

"And her daughter?"

"Oh,

"Oh, ſir," ſaid ſhe, "Miſs had "a bed on the floor; and never "would ſleep out of her mother's "room."

I inſtantly engaged the lodgings :.... and am now ſitting on the very chair that bore my angel, and perhaps writing with the very pen ſhe employed.

You know nothing of the pleaſure theſe trifling circumſtances communicate; but, to a lover, they give extatic delight.

This night, on the bed that yielded repoſe to her lovely limbs, ſhall I deliberate on my future plans....for ſleep is out of the queſtion.....I ſhall never know a moment's eaſe, till I have diſcovered the miſtreſs of my ſoul.

The woman of the houſe, ſeeing my extravagancies, very gravely told Thomas, that ſhe hoped I would not do her a miſchief; but that if I was only a little deranged, and harmleſs, I was welcome to remain.

Confeſs, Charles, that I am now doing ſufficient penance for an age of ſins, and that I deſerve pity more than cenſure.

FRED. BLAIR.

LETTER XLV.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

THE cartel has not yet failed.... the wind is contrary;.....and I am permitted to write to you again.

A moft unfortunate occurrence has rendered my fituation ftill more perilous than when I wrote my laft.

The night that my friend, the Marquis, efcaped, was extremely tempeftuous, and much damage was done to the fhipping in the harbour..... Among other accidents, a fifherman's

 boat

boat drove from her moorings, and, together with one of the fishermen, has never since been heard of.

The corpse of another man (his companion) was found near the pier-head, much bruised and lacerated.

This accident gave rise to the suspicion, that we had seized the boat, bribed one of the men to accompany us, and threw the other overboard on his refusal.

This sagacious hypothesis forms the basis of the criminal *process* commencing against me;.....and my friendly jailor tells me, that the people are so incensed, by this report, that I have much to apprehend, if my friends are not very active.

Since

Since my confinement, I have feen no one, but him ; and to him I am indebted for the prolongation of my exiftence.

Every morning, my black bread and pitcher of water are prefented to me, but, as foon as the gates of the prifon clofed for the night, my compaffionate friend brings me a comfortable fupper, of which he fometimes partakes, and endeavours, by every means in his power, to diffipate the gloom of my mind.

This charge of murder gives me the higheft concern.....All the good offices of my friend, will not be powerful enough to refcue me from an ignominious death, if I am condemned on thefe prefumptive proofs.

This day is the anniverſary of the revolution.....My friend, Souchet, forgot to inform me of it laſt night; and I was much ſurpriſed at the firing of muſquetry, &c. which commenced at day-break.

I ſuppoſed it was ſome new political convulſion; but, as it is difficult for my ſituation to be much worſe, I was indifferent as to the reſult.

The wind continues ſtormy, and entirely prevents any veſſel from getting out.....I ſhall therefore, continue the only amuſement I can now enjoy.....that of writing to you.

Nine o'clock,
A. M.

* * * * * * *

SOUCHET

SOUCHET enters my dungeon..... he is pale and terrified!.....He tells me, in a voice of horror, that the failors of the port, joined by the canaille of both towns, demand, that I fhall be given up to them, that they may revenge the murder of their companion, the fifherman.

The guard is doubled;.....but, Souchet fays, he fears they will make but a feeble refiftance againft their countrymen.

He leaves me, to barricade the gates, in the beft manner he can devife.

* * * * * * *

THE attack is commenced.....I diftinctly hear the horrid yells of thefe

frantic ruffians....Some ſcattered ſhots are fired.

The noiſe increaſes.....I hear large maſſes of ſtone battering againſt the windows.....and I expect, every moment, to ſee the blood-hounds enter my cell.....and to be torn limb from limb!

A hand-grenade has this inſtant entered, through the grated hole of my dungeon.....I ſeized the fuze, and luckily extracted it, before it had reached the powder.

The mob, I perceive, by the increaſe of the tumult, continues to augment.

The outer gate is again aſſailed..... but a volley is this moment fired, evidently

evidently by the military :.....Yet ſtill the riot is continued.

A fire is warmly kept up.....All yet is dark ſuſpenſe.....The ſhouts of *Vive la nation!*....the yells of the women, and ſhocking imprecations of the populace.....form a din, which nothing but the profoundeſt depth of Tartarus can equal.

Heavens! what a craſh!.....Something deciſive has certainly happened.

God preſerve you! my dear Blair .....Your friend is loſt.....I hear them approach.....My hour is come.

The bolts of my priſon fly back..... They enter.....

* * * * * * *

No, my friend, it was my preferver, Souchet.

He feized my arm, without uttering a fyllable.....I ran with him, I knew not whither ;....but a few fteps convinced me that I had no time to lofe.

The prifon was on fire.....We afcended a detached building, whence I had a view of the moft horrible fcene I ever beheld !

Hundreds of the populace, dead and dying, lay in heaps before the gates ; and while fome of the women *(poiffardes)* are employed in carrying off the wounded, others with bottles of brandy, which they diftribute in profufion, urge the failors to continue the affault.....They expofe themfelves to the fire of the foldiers, and, with their

their hair flying about them, run, like furies, through the foremoſt of the rioters.

In the part of the priſon I have juſt quitted, the flames rage moſt furiouſly; and the inebriated matelots, fearleſs of the tottering ruins, attempt to force their way through the flames.

Whenever a maſs of the walls falls, theſe attempts are renewed; but, as yet, the ſoldiers defend the breach with ſteadineſs.....Unfortunately they appear to have nearly expended their ammunition.....Their fire ſlackens.

The ſailors ſcale the walls, with activity and reſolution.....After a violent effort, they are repulſed.

A pauſe

A pause on both sides.....The people draw off, to a small distance, and seem to be consulting among themselves.

The troops of the garrison have marched to join those of Lisle, and are celebrating the fete of the revolution with them.

The guard cannot procure a fresh supply of ammunition.

The rioters are forming themselves into a compact column.....They advance.....The soldiers murmur, declare, it is impossible to resist them any longer;.....and begin to desert their posts.

Surrounded as we are, to fly is impossible.....We have no hopes left.

The people halt.....They ſend forward a poiſſarde, who commands the ſoldiers to ſurrender, and threatens them with death, if they refuſe.

Some are inclined to agree to it; others are determined to ſtand by their arms to the laſt.....The officers harangue them; and, at length, they return to their poſts.

The poiſſarde, returns to her friends, uttering curſes and menaces.....and again they march forward to renew the attack.

But we perceive a body of armed men approaching.....A municipal officer heads them.....He commands the mob to diſperſe;.....who, thus placed between two fires, inſtantly obey.

Thus

Thus is the tumult quelled, and the ſafety of the town and priſon ſecured; but my life ſtill continues in jeopardy.

The magiſtrate, who had armed the crews of two national cutters, and thus reſcued us from immediate maſſacre, has ordered, that I ſhould be very ſtrictly guarded, till the charges againſt me are fully arranged; when my trial is to commence in due form.

Thus, unleſs ſome unforeſeen event occurs, the life of your friend is forfeited!

Three o'clock,
P. M.

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

Kenſington.

I SINCERELY congratulate you, my ever dear Emma, on the proſpect of your recovering your property.

Your proſperity, my friend, is the only happineſs I can now experience. ....My mother is faſt verging to her laſt home; and my own ſpirits and conſtitution are ſinking under ſuch an accumulation of misfortunes.

I have

I have now, with the moſt indignant regret, diſcovered, that what I ſuppoſed the earnings of my own labour, the produce of which I ſo much boaſted of, was another contrivance of Mr. Blair's, to induce me to apply conſtantly to Madame Fontanges for employment :.....But though we have been thus fed by the baſeſt of men, and for the worſt of purpoſes, ſtill I have nothing I can reproach myſelf with, in having accepted money, which I ſuppoſed was the fruits of my own induſtry.

Is it not wonderful, that I ſhould not have diſcovered this deception before; for what I now receive for my work, is not the twentieth part of what I was paid by this vile pander!

Do

Do not fancy, my dear Emma, that we are abſolutely in want.....part of your preſent ſtill remains;.....and, if I ſhould have occaſion for more, I will apply to you.

Since our removal, we have neither heard nor ſeen any thing of my perſecutor or his ſpies;....but, alas! his image haunts me conſtantly....I ſigh for the miſery he is creating for himſelf, at the moment that I abhor him for his crimes.....My ſlumbers are interrupted; and I frequently, in my dreams, behold him at my feet, the moſt repentant, the moſt reſpectful, of men.....I liſten to him with compaſſion.....His words, which ſeem dictated by ſincerity, penetrate my ſoul.....I am almoſt tempted to believe him; and I awake in tears, convinced of the cruel reality, *that he is a villain!*

Oh!

Oh! my friend, what can this mean?.....Surely it cannot be any lurking partiality for a man, who has ſo groſſly tranſgreſſed the bounds of honour!.....Can your Julia ever think of a wretch, who attempted her deſtruction!

Inſtruct.....adviſe me.....You know my heart, and are convinced of its innocence.....Leave me not a prey to the humiliating reflection of yielding to an unworthy ſentiment;.....but teach me to baniſh from my breaſt, the enemy of my repoſe and honour.

Heaven grant, that you may ſoon arrive here, and bring comfort to

Your unhappy

JULIA COLVILLE!

LETTER XLVII.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

I AM precifely where I was..... I have not been able to gain the leaft information of my beautiful runaway.

The perfons I employed have not been more fuccefsful than myfelf.

Would to God, that the lofs of this bewitching girl, which really appears irremediable, could reconcile me to the idea of giving her up for ever ;.....but, as Boccacio fays,

" Ma

"Ma come noi veggiamo assai
"sovente avenire quanto la speranza
"di venta mimore, tanto l'amore
"maggior far si."*

Thus it is with me;.....the universe appears a total blank, without the possession of the only woman I ever loved.

The old woman of the house assures me, that Mrs. Brown talked of going to Penrith and Carlisle.....Thither, therefore, will I follow them; for, at present, all places, where my angel is not, are alike disagreeable to me; and could I discover the slightest trace of her, I would follow it, through every turning, till it led me to the object of my wishes.

Tomorrow

* We see frequent instances of love gaining strength, in proportion as hope grows weaker.

Tomorrow I ſet off, on this Quixotical expedition, though with very little hopes of ſucceſs; but theſe ſlender hopes are at preſent the very eſſence of my exiſtence.

Pardon me, my dear Charles, for thus annoying you with letters; but I am, at preſent, in a ſtate of diſtraction; and the only lucid intervals, I enjoy, are the moments I employ in ſcribbling to you.

FRED. BLAIR.

Why do I not hear from you?.... Am I to expect you ſoon in London?

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

THE tempeſt ſtill continues from the ſame quarter; and I continue a detail, which (by the good offices of Souchet) may perhaps reach you, when the hand that traced it is cold.

At twelve o'clock, laſt night, I was ſummoned to attend the inveſtigation, which was to decide my fate.....That unuſual hour was fixed on, to prevent the people from again committing any exceſs.

Attended

Attended by a file of soldiers, I was conducted, through a winding, subterraneous passage, to a small chamber, where the officers of justice, attended by their myrmidons, were assembled.

On a bier, lay the body of the deceased sailor, exposed to full view, surrounded by men, dressed in black cloaks, who held in their hands burning torches.

I confess, I was started at the gloomy appearance of this court of enquiry, and almost fancied I was again in Spain, and had fallen into the hands of the inquisition.

A deposition was read, with all due form, stating, that I was the person who had effected the escape of the

 spy,

ſpy, the *ci devant* Marquis de Chambord, by cutting away a fiſhing boat, and murdering the man, whoſe body was there expoſed.

A ſurgeon was then ordered to examine the corpſe; who declared, it was very evident, that death had been occaſioned by being beaten and wounded; and that a fracture on the ſkull was the immediate cauſe of his demiſe.

It was in vain that I aſſerted, that I had, that night, retired at a very early hour; for the confirmation of which, I referred them to the jailor, who knew that I had not quitted the *Haute ville* in the courſe of that day.

This was contradicted by the evidence of a woman, who ſwore poſitively

ſitively, that ſhe had ſeen me on the quay, in company with the Marquis; and that we were in converſation with a third perſon, whom, from the darkneſs of the evening, ſhe did not recognize.

I ſaw my death was determined on; and therefore, inſtead of anſwering their interrogatories, I calmly warned them not raſhly to condemn, to ignominious death, the native of an empire, jealous of its honour, in whoſe power it was, amply to retaliate any injury done me; that I was innocent of the crimes imputed to me; and only wanted time and permiſſion, to convince them, that I was a Britiſh officer, captured when about to join my regiment.

I was anſwered, that the evidence produced againſt me, was ſo ſtrong, that nothing I had advanced could exculpate me from the charge of murder; and that the republic of France, *the firſt nation in the world*, needed not the ſanction of foreign ſtates, to carry her laws into execution.

I was then led back to my priſon; and left, to wait, in anxious ſuſpenſe, the deciſion of my fate.

How happy, Frederick, is the man, who, in a moment like this, feels, that he has nothing to reproach himſelf with, and ſmiles at the axe, as only anticipating, by a few years, an event common to all!.....And yet, the idea of a public execution, conveys horrors, which I cannot totally overcome!.....

come !.....To be led, with ignominy, to the ſcaffold !.....To be curſed, in the laſt moments, as a wretch, who had deprived his fellow creature of life !.....to be ſcouted at by a ferocious populace !.....To encounter all this, requires the energy of a philoſophic mind.

I have faced death in various forms.....I have beheld the grim tyrant, in all his triumph of martial havock, with undaunted firmneſs..... Heaven grant ! that when in expectation of the blow that is to cut the thread of my exiſtence, no fond remembrance of dear friends,.....no ſympathy for the agonies of a tender parent, and beloved ſiſter,.....may affect the ſteadineſs of my reſolution !......But may I convince my affaſſins, that, to an innocent man,

death is merely an efcape from their cruelty!

I feel my eyes heavy.....I will retire to my ftraw, in hopes that I may tafte fome temporary repofe, ere they are finally clofed in eternal fleep.

Ten o'clock,
night.

* * * * * *

SOON after I had laid myfelf down, Souchet entered.....He had been weeping.....He thought me afleep.....and fighed piteoufly as he gazed on me.

Oh, fortune! how unjuftly doft thou difpenfe thy favours!.....What chance-work are the enjoyments of this life!....and how blindly haft thou diftributed thy gifts!.....when we find the

the heart of a jailor alive to the moſt tender feelings of humanity, and the ears of a judge are ſhut againſt the appeals of the guiltleſs!

" Well, Souchet," ſaid I, " it is, " then, determined, that I am to " die?"

He ſaid nothing, but preſented me with the decree.....and the hour!..... Tomorrow, at two in the afternoon.

" I am ſatisfied," ſaid I, " and am " glad, that I am not to linger under " ſentence.....But, my good friend, " bring a flacon of wine.....This " night, it ſhall be your preſent; " for, you know," continued I, giving him my purſe, " you are my " heir."

The honeſt fellow refuſed it.....He ſpoke not.....his heart was too full for utterance.....and he left me.

I now charge you, in the ſacred name of friendſhip, by all the proofs I ever gave you of my regard, to inform my mother and ſiſter of my fate, in the gentleſt manner.....Break the fatal intelligence, to them, in the way moſt likely to enable them to bear it.....Sooth the violence of their grief.....and temper their feelings, ſo as to receive, with reſignation, the news of my death....and teach them not to repine at an event, which the great Controller of deſtinies has thought proper to permit.

I incloſe a note for my ſiſter.....It contains but a few lines.....but, to *her*, it will be precious.

How

How fortunate do I efteem myfelf, that, in my laft hours, I poffefs a friend, to whom I can delegate, with confidence, this melancholy office.

The time glides fwiftly away.....I prepare to make a little arrangement of fome bequefts, I have it in my power to leave.....and you, my friend, will adminifter to my will.

I can, by no means, fubmit, with calmnefs, to make my exit on the guillotine.....A ball from a mufquet is a death more congenial to the feelings of a foldier.....I will requeft Souchet to folicit, that I may die by that weapon.

Twelve o'clock,
noon.

* * * * * * *

My desire is granted.....A *fusilade* is substituted for the guillotine.

I am collected......and await the hour of my fate with composure.

Souchet enters.....he tells me, the cartel is hawling out of the harbour..... he demands my letters.....I meant to say more; but only repeat to you, to comfort my mother and sister, and to believe, that I am in death, as I was ever through life, your sincerest friend.

For ever !.....Farewel !

CHARLES COLVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

MISS COLVILLE

TO

MRS. DENHAM.

Kenfington.

HOW long will it be, my deareft friend, ere I fee you ?.....My deareft mother approaches her end..... even the phyfician confirms my fears.

A few days, perhaps !.....and then .....I am a wanderer on earth.

Oh ! fly to me, if you can, and aid me to footh the pains of my de-

parting parent!....aHften hither, without lofs of time, and take an awful leffon, from an expiring faint.

What have I to undergo!.....and, alas! how unfit for fuch a trial, is

Your

JULIA COLVILLE!

LETTER

LETTER L.

CAPTAIN COLVILLE

TO

THE HONORABLE MR. BLAIR.

BE not alarmed, Frederick !.... I do not write to you *de profundis*, however queſtionable this letter may appear to you.

Learn by what means I am permitted to be ſtill an inhabitant of this planet.

Two hours after I had diſpatched what I ſuppoſed my *laſt dying ſpeech*, was the time appointed for my execution......Poor Souchet, whoſe feelings had

had ſo viſibly affected him, as to give me apprehenſions, that my perſecutors would perhaps denounce him, as one of our accomplices, had, at my earneſt deſire, ſubſtituted the under jailor to attend me.....This fellow, a true ſans culotte, entered to inform me, that the eſcort was arrived for me, and that a detachment of choſen tiralieurs were ſelected to do me the honour of blowing out my brains.

I was to ſuffer on the Grande Place; and every window, he informed me, was filled with expecting ſpectators.... every ſtreet in the town thronged with men, women, and children, who longed to ſee *les dernieres grimaces d'un ****** d'Anglois.*

Some preparations were yet to be made; and I waited (not in the moſt enviable

enviable ſtate of mind).....The populace became uneaſy at this delay; and their ſhouts indicated ſymptoms of riot....but the garriſon was under arms, and they dared not attempt any thing.

An officer entered my cell, and told me, with *non chalance*, that I was expected.....I anſwered, that I was ready; and inſtantly followed him.

My eſcort was formed into a hollow-ſquare, in the centre of which I was placed; and we moved forward.

At this inſtant, an huſſar galloped up.....He addreſſed the commander of my guard, and told him, he was deſired to ſtop his march.

The officer heſitated.....but an aid de camp arrived, and confirmed the order;

order; and I was remanded back to my prifon.....Aftonifhed, and even chagrined, at a refpite, which I fufpected to be only a refinement of cruelty.

My guard ftill continued under arms; and the buftle among the populace evinced, that fome extraordinary occurrence had taken place.

My fufpenfe was not of very long duration.....Souchet, burfting into my dungeon threw himfelf into my arms.

"Live!.....live!" faid he, "you "are acquitted of the charge of mur-"der.....the fentence is reverfed....and "a municipal officer waits on you, to "confirm the happy tidings."

The

The event, to which I owe my ſafety, is as follows:

The boat, which it was ſuppoſed de Chambord had eſcaped in, was picked up, in the channel, by an Engliſh frigate, the captain of which, ſeeing ſomething driving at the mercy of the waves, ſent out his long-boat, which conveyed the wretched Frenchman on board.

The poor fellow had neither ſails nor oars.....but had thrown himſelf at the bottom of his boat, and, giving himſelf up for loſt, let her drive, as he expreſſed it, *augre du vent*.

The captain of the Engliſh man of war, finding that the ſkiff was all the property the poor fiſherman poſſeſſed in the world, retained him, till the

the weather became more moderate, when, prefenting him with an old fail and a pair of oars, he permitted him to return to his port.

Luckily for me, he entered the harbour, juft as the guard arrived at the gates of my prifon.....The boat was inftantly known; and a fhout of aftonifhment refounded along the quay.

He was immediately informed of the danger I was in.....and, glowing with gratitude, for the generofity and kindnefs he had juft experienced, he he flew, almoft breathlefs, to reprefent his ftory, and obtain my releafe.

He fucceeded; and it appeared, from his teftimony, that his companion, who was fuppofed to have been murdered,

murdered, had gone with him to ſecure their boat; that they both entered her, and, in the act of hawling her cloſer to the ſtern of a veſſel, to which ſhe had been made faſt, their rope broke, and ſhe drifted out to ſea.....His comrade (an expert ſwimmer) leapt overboard.....but the fiſherman ſaw him no more; and ſuppoſed that he had been driven againſt the ſtone-work of the pier, by the prodigious ſwell that broke there with great fury, and, in this manner, received the numerous wounds, which were found on his body.

How raſh and imprudent was I, to incloſe you a note for my ſiſter?.... If you have delivered it, fly, my friend, to reſtore her to happineſs..... and be as cautious in informing her of

my

my eſcape, as, I hope, you were in diſcloſing my ſuppoſed death.

But as an immediate opportunity offers, of ſending you this, I am in hopes you will receive the account of my projected execution, and ſubſequent reprieve, nearly at the ſame time.

I am now again permitted to walk about.....and, in conſideration of what has happened, I am to be conveyed to England unconditionally,

The people here are now as eager to congratulate me on my acquittal, as they were before to tear me to pieces.

Strange, fluctuating beings! whoſe paſſions, always violent, yield to the firſt

first impulse with avidity, and stop at no excess.

CHARLES *REDIVIVUS.*

LETTER

LETTER LI.

HONORABLE MR. BLAIR

TO

CAPTAIN COLVILLE.

IT is difficult, Frederick, to ſay, whether I experienced more diſtreſs at receiving your former letter, or joy at the ſecond.....But I by no means pardon you, for frightening me almoſt out of my wits.

Had I eſcaped ſo narrowly from the axe of the guillotine, I ſhould certainly have a crick in my neck for all my life after.

For

For God's ſake, make haſte to leave that accurſed country !.....for no honeſt inhabitant of Duke's place would take the higheſt premium, to enſure the life of a man for ten days, who reſides in it.

Take, therefore, the firſt conveyance that offers, and ſhew yourſelf to your friends, who yet are rather doubtful, that you are ſtill a tenant of life's frail clay.

I have been ſo much occupied with your diſtreſſes, that I have not, till the moment I got your laſt letter, thought of the idol of my heart, and had almoſt forgot my own misfortunes.

I mentioned, in my laſt, my intention of ſetting off for Carliſle.....At firſt,

firſt, I had thoughts of taking four horſes to my chaiſe, and poſting *ventre a terre*:.....but, on reflection, as I was to depend on fortune for my ſucceſs, I ſuppoſed I ſhould be more in the way of good luck, by travelling at a moderate rate, and loitering at the different towns, uſually ſtopped at.

In purſuance of my plan, accompanied by Thomas, and armed with a brace of Wogden's,* I left London, with little hopes of ſucceeding in finding my loſt angel; but yet experiencing ſome relief in the conſtant ſucceſſion of objects, which, in ſome meaſure, detached me from myſelf, and afforded a reſpite to my anxiety.

In

* Wogden, a well-known maker of piſtols.

In my then ftate of mind, you will naturally fuppofe, that I was not the moft agreeable companion for a poft-chaife....Poor Thomas, who is lively, and rather talkative, attempted feveral times, by obfervations on the road, horfes, &c. to break through the filence I obferved.....but received, at laft, fo fevere a check, that he was obliged to reftrict himfelf to an occafional "Hem !" and now and then to confult his watch.

In this manner, we travelled on, without meeting with any occurrence worth mentioning, till we arrived at Penrith....excepting that, arriving late one evening at an inn, where we meant to pafs the night, and, according to my cuftom, lounging about the houfe, a fhort fat man, with a fuperbly powdered wig, entering in a great hurry,

 demanded

demanded to be ſhewn immediately into Mrs. Brown's room.

" Is Mrs. Brown, then, in this " houſe ?" I inquired eagerly of a waiter.

" Yes, ſir," anſwered the fellow, " but, at preſent, much indiſpoſed ; " and that gentleman you ſaw juſt " now, is the doctor, who is come " to preſcribe for her."

" And is her daughter with her?" ſaid I.

" Not juſt at preſent," replied he, " it was ſhe who ran for Doctor Per- " kins, and ſhe is not yet returned."

" Heavenly girl !" ſaid I, " it is " by thy piety and virtues, that I am enabled

"enabled to diſtinguiſh thee from the "multitude, and thus trace thy "flight.....Shew me," ſaid I to the man, "this moment, the apartment "of the unfortunate lady."

The waiter obeyed.....and I entered the bed-chamber, without reflecting, that it was poſſible there might be more perſons of the name of *Brown*, than thoſe whom I ſought for.

On a bed, which appeared in ſome diſorder, lay a woman, who, had ſhe been expoſed on the ſea ſhore, in a ſimilar attitude, might very well, by her bulk and unwieldy contortions, have been taken for a whale.....The perſon, I had ſeen paſs me, was in the act of holding a ſmall phial to her noſtrils; and a table, overturned,

lay on the floor, which was covered with fragments of bottles, glaffes, and bowls.

All this I attributed to the fuddennefs of the paroxifm with which the poor lady had been feized; and a ftream of crimfon, which dyed the floor, I alfo, from the fame charity, imputed to fome dreadful cut fhe had received, in falling from her chair. I approached the bed.

"Allow me, madam," faid I, "although a ftranger, to fay, how "much I am diftreffed at your indif-"pofition; and make me happy by "informing me, in what manner I "may be ferviceable."

She ftared wildly at me; and, opening a wide mouth, whence iffued

iſſued a ſteam of gin, that almoſt ſuffocated me,

" Are you one of my huſband's " ſpies," ſaid ſhe, " and be d....d to " you ?.....One of the ruffians, who " aſſiſted him to beat poor good " Mr. Wilſon, and me, in ſo dread- " ful a manner !.....Cruel, jealous " man !" continued ſhe, blubbering, " thus to *diſperſe* my *character*.....but " he ſhall pay for it, that he ſhall..... " He ſhall find, that a court of con- " ſcience will teach him to reſpect " the *clargy*.....Becauſe I had the " gentleman into my room, for a " little ghoſtly comfort, he would " dare to ſtrike his reverence !.....but " I am up to his goſſip.....and both " he, and his favorite *Betty Bar*, will " find they were in the wrong box, " when they *purſumed* to *aſſult* me, in

" the midſt of my private devotions " .....and, God knows, thof I has " been as good a wife to him as ever " ſqueezed a lemon into a bowl of " punch, he has always treated me " ill, like a brute as he is."

A waiter now entered, to inform me, that my ſupper was on the table; and, convinced that this amiable female was not the mother of my beloved, I retired, and learnt, that Mrs. Brown was the landlady of the inn; that her huſband, having frequently remarked her partiality for a young itinerant preacher, who had a great number of followers in that neighbourhood, determined to convince himſelf, whether his ſuſpicions were well or ill founded .....and, pretending to take a ſhort journey, to viſit one of his farms, he returned, in that critical juncture, when

when, inſpired, no doubt, with holy love, Mrs. Brown was preſſing the blooming divine to her ſwelling boſom; and, diſliking this kind of myſterious worſhip, he had made ſuch good uſe of a truſty cudgel, as to leave ſome very laſting marks of his diſpleaſure on the backs of his wife and her gallant.

This adventure, for a little time, made me more reſerved in my inquiries for the fair fugitive.....but, on leaving Penrith, weary with the confinement of my carriage, and wiſhing to eaſe the horſes up a ſteep hill, I alighted, and overtaking the driver of a waggon, I inquired of him what carriages he had lately ſeen paſs? and alſo, if he knew any perſons of the name and deſcription I was in ſearch of?

To all my queſtions, he anſwered by very laconic negatives; but a perſon, who was alſo walking up the aſcent, turning round with quickneſs, aſked me, if the lady I mentioned, was extremely beautiful?

I anſwered, that ſhe was divinely lovely.

“Well, then,” ſaid he, with peculiar animation of countenance, “I will convey you to her; and “ſhall have the felicity, I truſt, of “making two perſons happy!”

My chaiſe at this moment overtook us, and I propoſed to the ſtranger, to take a ſeat in it; but to this he objected; and, pointing over a wild moor, to a ſolitary clump of trees,

"It is there," ſaid he, "we muſt "go.....There is no road paſſable for a "carriage.....Send yours, therefore, "and your ſervant, on to Carliſle; "and my horſes ſhall attend you "thither, when I have ſhewn you "the reſidence of your miſtreſs."

There was nothing in the appearance of the ſtranger, to create diſtruſt or ſuſpicion.....He was a man of about fifty years of age.....his figure was muſcularly elegant.....his eyes were dark and penetrating.....and his face, which was regular, bore ſtrong traces of grief.

He was dreſſed in a coat, which had been black, but had now loſt the jettineſs of its former tint; and his hair flowed unreſtrained on his ſhoulders.

Thomas received intimation of my purpofe with evident diflike; but finding that I was peremptory, he prefented me my piftols.

"Do, pray, fir," faid he, "take "thefe.....they are of fmall bulk, and "may be ufeful."

The ftranger obferved the uneafinefs of my fervant; and fmiled at his caution :.....and I, defiring him to replace my arms, ordered him, with a voice which he durft not difobey, to proceed to Carlifle.

As foon as Thomas was out of fight, we left the high road, and croffed the moor, in a ftraight direction, without noticing the fwamps we had to pafs, nor the rocks we were obliged to clamber up.

The

The ſtranger always preceded me; and, in ſpite of all my endeavours to keep up with him, I did not ſucceed.

We were now in the wildeſt country I ever beheld.....A wide heath every where bounded the horizon; and a few ſcattered ſheep, which ſought a ſcanty meal from the black turf, were the only living objects I could diſcern.

The ſun was about to ſink behind a ſtupendous range of rocky mountains; and the ſtranger ſtill continued to march on, with gigantic ſtrides.

Piqued at this behaviour, and uneaſy at the approach of night, I bawled out, loud, to my conductor, and deſired him to ſay, whither he meant to lead me.

"Hush!" said he, putting his finger upon his lip, and pointed to an antient quarry, which the industry of some remote age had vaulted into a kind of cavern....." Peace," added he, "and follow me."

I now regretted, that I had not taken the advice of Thomas, and brought my pistols with me; but I perceived no arms in the possession of the stranger, and had little to fear from him on equal terms.

For a moment, I hesitated to follow him; but a little recollection shewed me, that if he had any bad designs, and had accomplices, I was completely now in their power.

I therefore obeyed him.....and descended, by a small, gently sloping path,

into

into the heart of the rock; when, turning abruptly, we found a neat chamber, of fanciful workmanſhip.

A couch of turf, formed with ſingular taſte, furniſhed one part of the cell; and various childiſh ornaments, made of twiſted ruſhes, were ſcattered on the ground.

The ſtranger ſat down.

" Here," ſaid he, " we may " repoſe."

" It is late," ſaid I, " and we are " apparently very diſtant from any " habitation.....we had better con- " tinue our route, though wearied."

" You are already at your journey's " end," ſaid my companion, with an air

air that ftartled me....." This is the
" abode of your beloved !....Two
" fathom below this furface," faid
he, ftamping on the ground, " lies
" .....the beauty you adore.....her
" wedding robes, a winding fheet.....
" Seek, fool, feek now, thofe charms
" which have deluded thee.....Mark
" where the worm, with flow induftry,
" ftrips the bared fkeleton of its
" flefhy covering !....mark yon hide-
" ous cavities !....once occupied by
" eyes, thou thoughteft divine !....
" Where now is that heaving bofom !
" thofe ivory arms, whofe plump
" contour feemed a model of fym-
" metry !....If thou ftill loveft.....
" cleave the hard rock.....dive to her
" cold abode.....and prefs her moul-
" dering carcafe in thy embraces !

" Once,"

"Once," continued he, "I "dreamed of love.....the fever of "passion absorbed my better judg- "ment.....and fools thought me mad ".....They said, Selina died.....To her "persecutors, she was indeed lost; "....but she is only fled to brighter "regions.

"Behold," said he, "that "glorious luminary, whose slender "crescent marks her wane.....when "next she shows her silver radiance "in full splendor.....then.....and here ".....shall I embrace my Selina."

As he said this, his eyes assumed an awful wildness; and he paced the cave in the utmost agitation.

I now found, that my host was a madman; and not knowing to what lengths

lengths his frenzy might tranſport him, would almoſt have preferred the ſociety of a robber.

The night ſet in, with all the appearance of an approaching ſtorm .....No diſtant light was perceptible, that might guide me to a town or hamlet ;....and to attempt to find the road in the dark, and over a trackleſs, ſwampy heath, would have been an undertaking, as raſh as unprofitable.

The cold of this excavated dwelling was ſo ſevere, that I ventured to propoſe endeavouring to light a fire.

" Go," ſaid he, with ineffable contempt, " you pretend to love.....and " tremble with the freſhneſs of the " evening !.....Go, ſhivering wretch ! " collect that parched turf.....My

" head,"

" head," added he, placing his hand to his forehead, " will furnish you " with heat to kindle it."

I began to collect my materials with great diligence; and had heaped together a considerable quantity of sticks and peat, without having settled how it was to be lighted......The head of my obliging entertainer, seemed, indeed, to be glowing, but unluckily could not impart ignition to my faggot.

Necessity is the mother of invention.....I had, fortunately, a knife in my pocket; a flint I soon found;..... and thus, in ten minutes, made a most chearful fire.

My conductor continued to pace to and fro; and, as I was not ambi-

tious of further converſation, and did not wiſh to diſturb him, I ſtretched myſelf out on the turf couch, and thus meant to remain, but without ſleeping, till the dawn of day.

In ſpite of all my precautions, overcome with the unuſual fatigue I had undergone, I ſlept ſoundly; and, on awaking, found it was full day.

I ſtarted up.....My hoſt was not to be ſeen; and I haſtened to the entrance of the cavern, in order to make my eſcape;.....but juſt as I had attained the mouth of the paſſage, I ſaw the lunatic, armed with a huge branch.

" Return to thy cell," ſaid he, his countenance exhibiting the utmoſt fury.....". Retire inſtantly.....Fear no-

" thing.....

" thing.....I have watched thee all " night.....Retire, I ſay, and ſleep."

It was in vain to aſſure him, I was in no further need of repoſe.

He raiſed his club; and I was obliged to retreat, with all poſſible celerity.

You may talk of your adventures, in France;.....of your eſcapes in battle;.....but I doubt, Charles, whether you have ever been in a much more unpleaſant predicament than I then was..... Almoſt famiſhed to death, my limbs ſtill numbed with the damps of the cave.....in the midſt of a deſert country.....and a raving madman, vowing my deſtruction, if I attempted to leave him.

In

In this very enviable ſtate, I remained for two hours; when the maniac, ruſhing into the cell, in conſternation,

"Fight," ſaid he; "we are "attacked.....We muſt fight to the "laſt."

As he ſpoke, two ſtrong-boned ill-looking fellows entered.

"So, ſquire," ſaid one of them, "what ſtill at your old tricks!..... "but I will teach you," (producing a ſmall whip) "to play the truant..... "Lay down that ſtick inſtantly," added he, "or you know what to "expect."

The poor creature obeyed, trembling; and the man had given him

two

two or three lashes, before I could prevail on him to desist.

I now learnt, that..........

But enough of this, at present..... You shall know it in my next.

FRED. BLAIR.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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